"How To Become An Alpha Male in 18 Easy Lessons"

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Halley's Comment Blog

(http://halleyscomment.blogspot.com/)

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Lesson 1: Getting It

I guess I'd have to say the number one thing all alpha males have and they have it in spades, is that they look like they're getting it. Now, I'll discuss later whether in fact this has anything to do with whether they actually ARE getting it, but that happens to be secondary to LOOKING like you are getting it.

So if you are ever hope to climb up the ladder of the Greek alphabet to Alphadom, all the way from the sad, overpopulated backwaters of Omegaland -- you have to start looking like you are getting it. And what does that mean?

Well, let's start with Pierce Brosnan, or any actor who ever played James Bond, in fact. Guys who look like they are getting it actually look a little post-coital -- hair a little messy, eyes a little tired. They look rather casual about it, even disinterested -- which is why they DO get it -- because they don't look like they're begging for it. And women always go for that -- it's the guy who looks like he doesn't care much if he gets it or not and also looks like he can get it whenever and whereever he wants, that gets you all stirred up -- he's a bit arrogant, he makes you slow down and take a second look. You think, "Well, who the hell does he think he is?" And once a woman's thought that, well, guys you are most decidedly in the drivers seat. She's going to have that burning need to find out about you.

So think of Bond again. He looks like he's got something better to do -- save the world, hang from a helicopter by one shoe lace, use his remote-control BMW to flatten terrorists -- and since he looks like he really doesn't have time for it, he actually manages to LOOK like he's getting it big time -- and in fact, he DOES get it, whenever he wants. Get it?

Lesson 2: Giving It

[Editor's Note: This is about fellatio -- in a metaphorical sense of course.]

Okay, I have a theory about Bill Clinton. Let me say first off, I don't know him, haven't met him and really don't know too much more than what I may or may not have read in the papers about him. Except, I do know several people who've met him and there is something striking about all the descriptions I've heard of him. Almost all these recollections talk about one thing first -- and it's not sex. They talk about an essential Alpha Male quality -- he's got incredible energy -- and he knows how to give it to others. He's incredibly fun, engaging, energetic, smart as shit and gives as good as he gets.

So here's Lesson Two -- if you really want to be an Alpha Male, you've got to give. You've got to give people pleasure, give people a reason to be near you, give guys a reason to wish they were you, give women a desire to have you, you've got to give and give and give. And as for giving good head, any Alpha Male worth their salt knows they have to get down on their knees now and then, and give another superior Alpha Male -- whether from a larger territory than their own, or simply an Alpha Male Emeritus, or an Alpha Male who dominates another discipline -- well, they have to give them their due, so to speak. Sometimes you're asking for it, but sometimes you've got to be willing to just give it. Don't be shy. You're the guy. You're the man. Just Do It.

Lesson 3: Why Alpha Males Get Pussy Galore

When it comes to being "PC", you may have noticed there's nothing particularly politically correct about alpha males -- another reason you gotta just love them. They are the consummate rule breakers. They revel in dashing expectations. They make the game up as they go, writing their own rules on the fly. So when it comes to "PC" they have a different spin on those two letters. Let's introduce two fundamental Alpha Male Vocabulary Builder words -- Pussy and Cock. The P word is key. There's no question that if you want to become an Alpha Male you have to understand the P word and you have to get a lot of it.

Alpha Males get pussy. They really do. They get it and they get it. One Alpha Male told me he would just kill me if I ever wrote about the pussy strategy. Well, I guess I'll just have to lie low and not be seeing him in all the old familiar places, because whether he likes it or not, I've got to get the pussy rule down on paper. It's such a brilliant strategy and actually has applications far beyond the dating arena -- it works at work too.

Nothing improves your tribal status better than walking in with or being seen with the best looking woman at the party. Here's what Alpha Males know -- they know they can get the best looking babe at the party. They know because they've done it many times and they know they can do it again. How do they do it? You might well ask, because let me say many of the most successful Alpha Males are not drop-dead good looking. In fact, they're just average Joes, many of the best of them. You've been to a party and asked yourself the musical question, "Is he really going out with her?" when you see an average guy walking in with a killer babe. Well, you are watching an Alpha Male in action, busy implementing the pussy strategy.

Here's what they know. Most men at the party are just too intimated to go talk to the super model babe, assuming she will shoot them down. They self-select themselves OUT of the top drawer pussy. It happens all the time. Ask beautiful women -- NO ONE TALKS TO THEM. Except Alpha Males who know this fundamental truth, so they know ironically that they have an open field and a very HIGH likelihood of scoring

When I say it works at work, I mean it. It's much easier to talk to the CEO of a company than it is to get a meeting with all the drones that report to him. They're too busy doing what he wants. And so many people are afraid of the CEO, no one talks to him either. And he wants to know what the hell is going on in the world and is often open to talking to a half-way intelligent person.

Which brings me to the second part of the pussy strategy -- the best looking girl at the party WILL talk to most Alpha Males and Alpha Male wannbes -- but you better have something halfway intelligent to say. More on that in the next lesson.

Lesson 4: Stag Films

First of all, go to the video store and casually saunter over to that section where all Alpha Males must eventually go to test their manhood; and don't bring any wives, girlfriends or any other women with you. You have to go it alone on this. Don't be shy, reach up for that stag film of all stag films and take it off the shelf with a confident hand, no trembling please. Check out the front, turn it over and check out the back. The title will appear in big bold letters and yes, other alpha males may spot you as you eye it, it will read, "*BAMBI*." Okay, now reach for the next one, "*BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*" and last but not least, "*MULAN*".

Shocked? You may well be. But now you know the truth. To become a real Alpha Male, one must study the teachings of Walt Disney. Everything you need is in that section.

Let's start with *Bambi*. If you want to see stags fight for status, this is your movie. If you want to see deer fight for the prettiest doe in the room, again, this is your movie. If you wonder why the heck they called a boy deer "Bambi" well, I have no frigging idea. Still, apart from the name problem, this movie will teach you how to be king of the forest. It's easy and oh-so-Freudian, just kill your dad or any father-substitute hanging around, who might be keeping you from running the joint.

Once you've got the lessons of *Bambi* under your belt, check out *Beauty and The Beast*. So now we have the prettiest girl in town, Belle, willing to go live with one mean, hairy ugly beast up in his fancy house on the hill. The best looking guy in town, Gaston, a mega-arrogant French Alpha Male can not seem to turn Belle's head. What's going on?! This is paradoxical to say the least. But here we are in an advanced post-grad course on Alpha Malehood. This movie lays out a very fundamental and encouraging Alpha Male secret -- that Alpha Malehood is an equal opportunity employer. You do NOT have to be the sexy Frenchman to get the girl. In fact, a lot of Alpha Males are a little bit like the beast -- a little rough-and-tumble, the kind of guys girls love to tame and take care of. Girls hate guys who spend more time in the mirror looking at themselves than looking at them. This is Gaston's problem. Also, the beast NEEDS something. He needs Belle's help to tame his beastliness and show his sweet side. This too is appealing for a lot of women. And of course, the Beast is sexy and wild. Always better to be a sexy beast than a French poodle. And he does have a great house.

Once you've made it through those two movies, check out *Mulan*. The story is simple. When the Emperor of China calls all men to join the army, Mulan runs off with her father's conscription papers to take his place since he has a bad leg and can barely walk. Disguising herself as a man, she has the help of a tiny red dragon, Mushu, in the voice of Eddie Murphy, to teach her how to be a military Alpha Male. Mushu spares no details including back-slapping, belching, passing gas and all other essential male skills. It's a funny movie, until the men figure out that they have this female traitor in their midst, then all hell breaks loose.

Seriously, if you haven't seen it, *Mulan* says great things about men -- about their strength, their courage, their mysterious deep sexuality. At boot camp as she tries to keep up, the Alpha Male in charge, Li Shang, kicks her ass and is so tough on her, he nearly breaks her. In the end, she falls in love with him and he with her. The song *I'll Make a Man Out of You* that plays behind a fast-moving animated montage of basic training exercises, (very *An Officer And A Gentleman* in style) catalogues some of the best things about Alpha Males, "We must be swift as the coursing river, (Be a man), With all the force of a great typhoon, (Be a man), With all the strength of a raging fire, mysterious as the dark side of the moon."

Lesson 5: Confidence Game

One of the unforeseen pleasures of writing this series of 18 chapters on Alpha Malehood is the barrage of email I'm getting full of Alpha Male inside info, not to mention guys just walking up to me to tell me their Alpha Male secrets. First, of course, they tell me that no woman should know as much as I do about Alpha Males and I will piss a lot of guys off if I act like a know-it-all on the subject. I instantly explain that in fact, I know nothing, and make no claims to giving advice, but simply have very good sources -- a cadre of "deep throat" type informants -- who know the knowledge needs to get out. They seem all right with this. Then, after telling me that they should NOT divulge their secrets about Alpha Males, they come around some how or another, to sharing another wickedly delightful insight with me. So let me just say, this is much appreciated and please feel free to keep me in on the game.

After taking a few days off to collect my thoughts and try to pick out the next most important subject, I've hit on the subject of confidence. If there is one thing they have in spades, it's sheer, unmitigated, unflappable, nearly arrogant, but simply deliciously masculine Confidence. And they know how to use it. And they know it works. And they know it is an incredible turn-on.

A new friend on email mentioned how many salesmen are Alpha Males and this got me thinking as well. Something they teach you in sales is to "assume the sale." This is especially important with women. Assume she wants to kiss you. Assume she wants to fuck you. Assume you will eventually wear down her high morals and you will get her into bed one of these days. Good salemen assume the sale. They don't have time to doubt their success. They have rock hard confidence. My emailer complained that many of them are so arrogant that surely this did not attract women, but rather women found it replusive. Well, yes, some are just too full of themselves, but even those win more often than they lose.

Confidence is very attractive. It's even amusing. It makes you grin to watch some of these guys. Here's how the really good ones operate. Like all true artists they know that nothing is as successful as mixing extremes. They mix up the big boy slightly-arrogant confidence with surprising bursts of charming little boy shyness and "whoops, I blew it" contriteness. This gets the girl every time, though I think it mostly works because it leaves women completely confused and disarmed. Once you get a woman that off balance, if you have confidence and have assumed the sale all along, you make short work of your prey.

Being confident is incredibly sexy. Being confident is incredibly powerful. Being confident is essentially "efficient" -- it just makes everyone go along with you and saves you time. Don't bother spending a minute doubting yourself. What the hell is that about? There are enough enemies, critics, naysayers and pessimists all around you to take care of doubting you. Why the hell would you waste time doubting YOU TOO? Again, I preach to the converted. You guys know this.

The world is a pretty frightening place. Somehow or other, we get up in the morning believing we can manage to make it through the day. These days there's ample evidence against that notion. This is what's wonderful about men -- they challenge this world view with sheer testosterone and after-shave. They have courage. They have balls. They straighten their ties and get on with it. What Alpha Males know is that everyone needs to feel confidence and that it begins with them. They know their confidence is a gift. They share it with others. It makes it a much better world to live in. It's a confidence game.

Lesson 6: Alpha Males Have Things

I have an argument with my 7-year-old son nearly every school morning, without fail, at about 3 minutes before the bus is about to arrive and we have tear out of the house. He's dressed, he has his coat on, he has his backpack full of everything I figure he needs for the day. But no. We stop dead in our tracks with NO TIME to waste,he insists he must take something to school to "share." This sharing routine is about to kill me. We miss the bus over it on a regular basis. Or we have screaming matches for all the neighbors to hear as we rush to catch the bus, him dragging a heavy yellow metal bulldozer to take to school I beg him, "please, if you need to take something to school to share, put it in your bag first thing in the morning, or even better, how about the night before?" That never happens. So there is something absolutely drop-dead important about having a thing to take to school. "Sharing" has replaced "Show and Tell" and I miss what the heck the nuance of language is about, but it's some wacky political correctness to keep the kids from "Showing Off and Telling" I think.

The point is, even at seven years old, my son has figured out a basic rule of Alpha Malehood -- Alpha Males Have Things. They have cool things to show to girls. They have Hot Wheels, or candy bars, or GI Joes or Pokemon cards they drag around with them to show girls. Later when they grow up, the Hot Wheels turn into real wheels, the candy bars are dinner at a fancy restaurant in town and the GI Joes and Pokemon cards are any variety of cool things women want to look at, including beach houses on the Cape, trophys from tennis games, mooseheads in cabins, or even your classic girl-getter, etchings. They have things and know how to say, "Hey, you've got to come over and see my _____. (fill in the blank with WHATEVER!)

The ancient joke about "would you like to come up and see my etchings" is based on this fact. It's always good to have things to show girls. If you can lure them into your room, apartment, house, mansion, castle or cave to look at something -- guess what -- they are standing there next to you looking at something. With any luck and a little sleight of hand, you can get them to stop looking at the thing you invited them to look at and LOOK AT YOU. And then, if they look at you and they like what they see, and you have any shred of Alpha Male instinct, and some good Brazilian background music by Joao Gilberto, or Barry White will do as well, you might actually get them to look at a thing that you have, that they don't have. They may tell you otherwise, but most of them want to look at your thing.

So I always think of some early Alpha Male caveman trying to come up with some THING to show his Wilma Flintstone counterpart. He probably tried a lot of things that didn't work, like a tuft of grass -- boring, boring, boring -- or some water. A little more interesting but no great shakes. So then, at his wit's end, he looks over and she's at the door of the cave watching Eohippus gallop by (the dawn horse, of course) and he thinks, "Well, shit! Here I am showing her a handful of water and she wants to look that pathetic Eohippus. How the hell am I supposed to get her over here to stand next me, so I can

smell her and she can smell me, and then we can fuck, when all she wants to do is look at that stupid animal?!"

It hits him out of the blue and he grabs some old charcoal from last night.s meat roasting fire and draws a pretty lousy picture of a running horse on the cave wall. And then he's got a pointy stick to show her -- now that's a cool thing -- and a picture. Now he's getting somewhere. And she comes over to see the thing he made. And she likes it and likes the fact that he noticed she was watching the horse out the cave door and understood that he could please her by drawing the horse for her. Maybe, she reasons, as cavewomen were rather savvy I must say, maybe he could please me in other ways. Hell, she thinks, maybe he'd show me that other thing of his. So she stops looking at his etching and turns to look at him ... (and get ready kids, since the two of them are about to start history as we know it).. and she smiles at him and one thing leads to another.

Lesson 7: "Such A Pretty, Pretty Girl"

I really shouldn't even have to say this, but I will. There's one major differentiator when it comes to Alpha and not-so-Alpha Males. It's so simple. It's so easy. And unfortunately, it's so rare. Alpha Males may do terrible things -- they may cheat on their wives AND cheat on their girlfriends AND cheat on their taxes -- but they sure get one thing right. They make women feel beautiful. And how do they do that? Oh, here's the big secret ... they say to their women, "You look beautiful."

Now you would think it would be obvious, but from what I've seen it's obviously a mystery to most men. They rarely come out and simply say it. And I can tell you most women want to hear it. In fact, you wouldn't go too far wrong by saying it twice, even in the same week! I know this is shocking, but it's true.

Not only do they say "You look beautiful" even if the woman they are saying it to is not looking perfectly beautiful, but they also know how much a woman wants to hear, "You are such a pretty, pretty girl." Corny? Oh, yeah. Wonderful to hear? OH YEAH!.

In fact, it's like a little bank account they fill up with gold coins every time they say that kind of thing and then when they do a boneheaded thing and are most decidedly in the doghouse, that little bank account buys they a lot of "Get Out Of Jail or The Doghouse Free" cards.

And even when they're talking sexy and kinda dirty to their women, they remember not to go too far with that kind of talk and they always come back to making their women feel pretty. They say stuff like "you look like the prettiest flower girl at your big sister's wedding." And I know you may be gagging, but it sure beats, "Wanna fuck?!" And the worst part is how often men forget to say this kind of thing.

It's another secret a male friend of mine calls a safe secret, because even if you printed it up on billboards and posted all over the city, only a few men who "get" women will actually do it. And I can tell you, that once a woman gets the feeling that she looks beautiful to a certain man -- she always wants to get close to that man. It just feels too good to resist.

Lesson 8: How To Get An Alpha Male

My email box is full of requests from women asking how to get an Alpha Male. I knew sooner or later I'd have to let all these women in on the secret.

I went directly to the source and polled some seriously Alpha-ish Alpha Males. They all said the same thing.

And I quote, "You don't get an Alpha Male, they GET YOU."

Lesson 9: Do The Right Thing

My Poor Alpha Male. He seems to be getting the shit kicked out of him around here. So many people are telling me he's just a selfish, egotistical, sex-obsessed, narcissistic cad. Not so, I say! Not so! You think my Alpha Male spends his day with a front-row seat at Pussy Galore's Flying Circus, saving the world from nuclear annililation, racing around in his Aston Martin, BMW and Q Boat, when he's not ducking Odd Job's razor-sharp steel-rimmed hat? No, he's got more heroic work to do -- like paying the mortgage and making sure to take out the garbage. My Alpha Male knows how to do the right thing.

Watch our hero in action. At dawn, he's waking next to his wife, or maybe not. He's endowed with that most unusual gift -- an erection -- but chances are, no matter who he's next to in bed, unless he's 17 years old, he'll get little chance to enjoy it. He's just got to get up -- not get it up, or keep it up, or get off -- his mistress is the Sony Clock Radio next to the bed and if it's anything past 7:00 am, he's already late. If he's a new dad, he's got a toddler already jumping on top of him and the slightly melancholy thought "hey, I remember when this bed wasn't a kid's trampoline!" races through his head. If he's an old dad, he's got enough worries with college bills, refinancing the house, running a meeting or making some flight to some damned place in the next hour, that it would make anyone want to crawl back under the covers. So what's he do ... don't forget he's a hero ... he drags himself out of bed and faces the day. Gotta love that guy.

At breakfast, he's doing 2nd grade math with his daughter who's braiding Barbie's hair and doesn't care much about carrying. She does light up when he scribbles the answers next to the problems and lets her copy them in her scrunchy writing in the right place. His coffee isn't the way he likes it since they've run out of half-and-half. Watch what our hero does -- does he think, SHE forgot to get half-and-half and adds one more disappointment to his list of wifely misdeeds -- NO! He looks over at her and sees she's up to her ass in alligators as well, packing lunches, writing notes to teachers, dashing for school buses. She's half dressed and not the sexy girl he married by a long shot. No, she's not Dr. Holly Goodhead, but he goes over and gives her a hug and says something terrific like, "what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" and tells her how great she is. Wow! This guy knows how to do the right thing. When he gets to work, he mysteriously finds three pieces of Oreo O's breakfast cereal in his briefcase.

At work he spends a good part of his day trying to dodge the bullets of getting fired, trying to climb the ladder to a promotion -- only now it's an escalator that used to go up but looks more like those endless automatic walkways in airports -- stretching flat for miles with occasional rises -- and when he's not losing heart over his own circumstances, he's called on to help other guys and gals deal with the same disturbing business terrain, which he does with good humor, courage and generosity. He's a hero after all. He gets a call from his brother-in-law mid-morning who's really in dire financial straits and against all better judgment, sends him money. He gets word of an ex-colleague who's drinking problems have taken him out -- or taken whatever life he had left after his ex-wife took everything first. It's a grizzly story, best counterbalanced by a quick trip to the Starbuck's

counter to see if the blonde from Michigan is serving today. Ah, she's there. Okay, shoot him -- he likes to flirt with her -- but look at her, especially in that way too tight buttons-might-just-bust-if's-he's-lucky blouse. For goodness sakes, he IS an Alpha Male, let him think about her that way as she offers him "Whipped cream?" for his mocha.

The sunset out his office window isn't so bad. He's got a view at least. Days near an end and he's not looking forward to the evening his wife's arranged with some people he doesn't like who do nothing but put his wife down (how can she NOT notice?), tell them how much smarter THEIR kids are, and always manages to steer the conversation around to how much less they paid for their house down the street which is identical to Alpha Male's humble abode. The office seems a much more welcome place right now than home. He watches a few last guys heading out. And then that crazy new kid, Jones, comes flying in. He's such a kid, so young, but look at him. He did it. He's back with a contract from that son-of-a-bitch client -- he actually got the deal! jones is nearly falling across his desk with a high five. The rest of the guys come out of the woodwork. It's great. High fives all around and they all grab their coats. That contract deserves at least one beer at the joint down the street.

Jones is really thrilled to get his attention. And in that moment, our Alpha Male suddenly sees what power he holds. His life flashes before him -- his wife at breakfast with a sly sexy smile after he was nice to her, the mocha girl, that last turn to smile goodbye to him -- he got under her skin, he saw it, -- his brother-in-law's tone of true gratitude -- his daughter's happy smile to see him help her cheat on her homework while she braided her doll's hair -- his older, tired-out boss rolling his eyes up as Alpha Male heads out with all the young Turks to celebrate, as if to say, thanks, someone needs to do it and I'm just too beat -- and me, did you see me as you led the gang over to the bar on 6th, you passed me on the sidewalk, I gave you a quick smile and look of gratitude, because you make this world a much better place. "My hero" I whispered as you walked by, "You always do the right thing."

Lesson 10: I Second That Emotion

Honestly, I think I'm taking my Alpha Male for a bit of a joy ride, so to speak. That is, I'm taking my Alpha Male and asking him to see things in a slightly new way. I'm asking all the best Alpha Males to follow me down a road, take a little ride to a new way of thinking, a new way of living and a new way of loving. Of course, only the really evolved Alpha Males will even consider getting in my red convertible to take this ride, because they know if they let me take them for a ride to the beach, they won't come back the same way. In fact they'll never be the same. They will want to keep living that luscious day at the beach again and again and again. So I suppose I'm asking them to let their skin get a little burned, to let their hair down, let the ocean ring in their ears. I want them to lay back on my blanket and feel something. Feel something good. Feel something great. In fact, I just want them to feel ANYTHING.

If you play at being an Alpha Male long enough, you stop feeling, or worse, you really only feel a very few emotions -- like anger and sometimes fear which many men express as anger and sometimes love or lust which many men express as anger ... I'm sorry, I just had to say it. Seems like early on when men are boys they are told somewhere along the line that expressing anger is somehow manly but nothing else is. This is a shame -- rather like living in a world with only one color -- flaming red.

On my blanket, one Alpha Male at a time, I'll remind them of the ecstacy of feelings they enjoyed in that garden of boyhood carelessness they may have forgotten. They will feel longing. They will feel sad. They will feel relaxed. They will feel happy. They will feel young and free and funny. They will feel everything and best of all, they will name the feelings. We'll have a langourous language lab -- I'll write the words in the wet sand with a stick for them. They'll nod their heads when they read, "g-r-i-e-f" and "p-r-i-d-e-f-u-l" and "u-n-c-e-r-t-a-i-n" and "t-e-n-d-e-r" and "l-u-s-t-y" and "a-m-b-i-g-u-i-o-u-s" -- they will be excellent students all.

And at day's end, like every kid after a day at the beach, they will be spent. They will be full of the subtle colors of those emotions, changed forever in every way. They will return to rule whatever roost they rule, these Alpha Men, but return with a heart full of feeling, a heart that lets others in more easily, lets others out and off the hook more quickly with generousity and forgiveness, and lets them love with a finesse and a passion they had not imagined. Not a weaker heart, as they were warned against as boys, but a stronger, wiser heart that will sustain them and warm those around them, draw others to them, help them lead us all down a path they have trod and are no longer afraid to take.

Lesson 11: Take Me

There was a boy I knew in France, we were both sixteen and he didn't have a car. All he had was a bike, but he had a lot of imagination and a terrific smile. He was an apprentice to a butcher and you should have seen his hands, a new nick or a cut or a big ominous bandage every single day when he came by after work to take me out. There were other guys with motorbikes and some even old enough to come by in cars, but I didn't let them take me off like I let this boy take me. He wore that butcher's apprentice heavy white cotton side-buttoning jacket, a bit like a cook's bleached white linen jacket and his pants were cotton as well, a tiny black and white gingham, again, a traditional French uniform, they fit snug at the hips loose at the ankles, a bit like sailor's bellbottoms. He'd removed his apron by evening and most of the blood on it, though now and then you'd see a flick of red here or there. He'd rush to see me and didn't care to change first. His chest was strong, made you think the jacket buttons might just bust. He had a jolly face, young and handsome and had two great dimples. It was easy to take his hands in a motherly way and examine them for new cuts -- but he'd have none of it -- he's shoo-shoo my attention away, throw his arm around me and explain in French that he wanted to take me somewhere. He only had a bike, but he loved to put me up on the bar and ride me around town. And he knew he could take me anywhere this boy. This was the kind of boy who didn't have to say much to get you to go anywhere with him. I suppose he showed me carnivals and churches and the river and men fishing and cafes, but I honestly don't remember. Mostly he showed me his enthusiasm and his imagination and his great love of life and of course, he was only taking me places to kiss me and I remember that.

And there was another guy in LA who would call me up and say, "Hey, let's ditch out of work early and I'll drive us up the coast, we'll find a place to eat fish and lie on the beach, whattya think?" and he had a nice car, not a sports car, not a convertible, not the best car in the world, but he was funny as hell and he knew how to take me places. He'd drive us out of the city, from Beverly all the way out Venice Boulevard, swore it was the best way to get used to the ocean smell, up Pacific Coast Highway through a low fog, the sun would burn a path for us, past old summer shacks, barely hanging on the sides of hills in Malibu, past beaches with nannies and kids and surfers and we were talking and laughing about horrible stupid excuses we'd made up to tell our bosses why we wouldn't be there that afternoon. We'd make it nearly to Santa Barbara before we'd turn back to see if the coast was clear -- and it was -- and we'd use whatever impromptu late spring beach blanket we could scrounge from the back of the car -- usually some mover's blanket made of brown quilted cotton with a red edge -- and if we didn't have bathing suits he'd dare me to wear my undies and pretend they were a bikini and I would and he'd wear his white Jockey briefs and look even more like some guy in his underwear and we'd laugh about it when people walked by looking at us. He roll us up in the blanket for privacy and we'd kiss. When it got dark, he'd take me to the Reel Inn for grilled salmon and beer and on the way home I'd fall asleep on his shoulder as he drove.

Alpha Males take you places, they just know how. Sometimes it's a risk. They know they might get turned down, but they try it anyway. They don't need the best wheels. They

don't need the best road. They don't even really need to know where to take you, they just need to take you. All they need's a little imagination and a little desire. Some have taken me by train to Winter Park to ski. Some have taken me to Seattle by plane just to eat crabs. Some have taken me by limo up to Greenwich for the day to leave the hot city behind. Some have taken around the corner for pasta. The best even let me take them by the hand, lead them down the hall to the bedroom and when I ask if they'd like to take a nap, they say, "Sure." You see, some of these guys I'm quite taken by. And whether I take them, or they take me, they all know one thing, a fine day takes a little imagination, a little fun, a little risk and they always take the chance.

Lesson 12: The Post-Alpha Male

The Post-Alpha Male should not be confused with Post Alpha-Bits, although both are similarly sweet. Both have a tendency to spell things out and this directness is one of their many virtues.

It's now clear to me that the Alpha Male is a dinosaur, dragging his hopeless old carcass across a desolate desert and finding no water, no sustenance and is almost history. I worry this may seem shocking, as I've entitled this series of essays, "How To Become An Alpha Male in 18 Easy Lessons, " but after in-depth academic research – actually no research at all – but a lot of shooting the shit with men over beer, wine and the occasional Gatorade, it's clear that men are evolving into Post-Alpha Males and it's a terrific improvement over the Alpha Male. It's a big deal, you're just gonna love it.

So the good news is, I'm beginning to define an animal worth becoming. And the bad news is, The Alpha Male is all washed up.

But, truth be told, it wasn't possible to find this Post-Alpha Male, dust him off and examine him until I got this far down the path..

The Post-Alpha Male if he is anything, is finally sensitive to the needs of others and especially the needs of women. This does not make him pussyfied. Not by a long shot, in fact, it makes him all the more manly.

The Post-Alpha Male has been through hell and back and doesn't necessarily need to tell you that. His relaxed and calm attitude spell REAL confidence – not the phony con game of the Alpha Male.

Lesson 13: The Real Alpha Male

Lucky 13. Great. Let's talk about death.

When I write these essays about Alpha Males, I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know where I'm going. I don't know why I'm writing. I don't know where I'll end up. I don't know anything. I just know I have to write them.

I know my dad was an Alpha Male, the classic 1960's Madison Avenue slick handsome ad man type Alpha Male.

I know I grew up wanting to be him, have his exciting life and not be my mom, the stuck-at-home babymaker. Maybe a weird thing for a woman to say, but yes, in my family I was my dad's number one son in some ways. You could rename these essays Confessions of an Alpha Male Wannabe.

I know today I'm about two weeks out from the one-year anniversary of my dad's death. And I know I had to be by his bedside those torturous months last year, his last six months alive, I had to be there to watch the death of a salesman. The death of an Alpha Male. I had to watch, so I could report back and tell you it was not a pretty thing to see.

For whatever reasons and in his generation of men, there were many good reasons, my dad had a lot of trouble connecting emotionally with us. The result was feeling abandoned by him, even in his presence. Worse still, it was a charming, seductive presence, loved and adored by clients and other women and strangers, but not fertile ground for roots to grow between him, my mom, my other three sisters and god forbid, he have any connection to his real only son, my brother.

One time on a dreadfully cold night in New York up on that windy canyon Riverside Drive, my older sister, in her twenties at the time, slipped on an icy street corner, fell down and cut her knee and instead of soothing her or asking her is she was okay, he whipped out a $20 bill and put it on her knee like a bandaid and said, "Buy yourself a new pair of stockings."

Money was the coin of the realm. If you had money, you were the big guy. You were safe, people had to do what you said. People had to listen. People could be told what to do if you were the guy with the money. The guy with the expense account. The guy who picked up the check at the fancy business lunch in town, the day before Thanksgiving when the wives were home making the big family meal for the next day. Wednesday afternoon before Thanksgiving, you had time to fuck your girlfriend and take the late train to Greenwich for the lovely family weekend.

Where did that come from? Well, wherever. I told you I don't know where any of it comes from. I just write it down.

He did have girl friends – we all knew and all pretended it wasn't happening – the delightful double whammy of childhood abandonment and simultaneously having your head fucked over with all the lies, all the pretending, having your pristine core knowledge, your gut feelings contradicted by adult words. Your innocent knowing and intuition betrayed. Everyone pretending they can't hear the deafening noise of my mother's anger and frustration, completely silent but louder than murderous thunder. She's making stuffing.

So you pick. You want to be the guy downtown with the fancy car and the fun life and the pretty babe? Or do you want to be home at the stove burning stuffing? Stuffing it. And that's all we got to see up close, all of us kids figuring these two parents knew something we didn't know. Surely they must know how to live a life. What were they doing there otherwise? Weren't they trying to show us something. Something about how the world worked? Something about how we would live in the world when we were their age?

But really they were so young and they didn't know what the hell they were doing. And even now, I'm NOT that young and I don't know what the hell I'm doing. So let me get back to it. What I saw at my father's deathbed. I saw a guy who FINALLY at the end of his life nearly "got it" and realized the only people still there for him were not some guys he wined and dined at the 21 Club. And not some babe he was fucking at his pied-a-terre in Greenwich Village. Those folks were nowhere to be found at the nursing home when his urine bag filled with piss and blood and an infection loomed large – one of the early disasters he endured on the long, slow painful six month road out of life.

We were there. My sisters, my brother, my brothers-in-law, my husband, my son. We were there remembering silently at times all the times he WASN'T there for us, or if physically present, often wasn't able to be there emotionally for us. We were there. I was there to see who this man had become, without an expense account, without receipts ("Always get your receipts, kids for those bastards at the IRS.") without expensive loafers. He was a wreck, he was a pile of bones, no more glad-handing as his hand lay flat on the hospital bed, purple and bruised with IV's taped down onto his wilting skin. He was still flirting with the nurses. They are taking his shit away in a silver bedpan or diaper and he's still flirting with them.

But it wasn't that dark. He finally was getting it. He finally realized all there is love – not Catwoman in her cat suit sharing cocktails with him – but real love. A family's faithful love and endurance in the face of painful illness and hopeless and inevitable death. No one missed the REAL ALPHA MALE IN THE ROOM. The Grim Reaper. Oh, yes, he was the big guy in that hospital room and we fought him off every god-damned day, day after day.

And my dad really finally got it – so damned late – but better late than never – that he was nothing. Just a "nothing ball" as he used to call people he considered inferior to him, what most would call "losers". He was nothing except for the love and connection he had to his family and to my mom, though she was now gone and spared the final scenes of his

life. He got that you can't do anything but love one another. You can't walk through this life without caring for other people and that care and love will eventually come back your direction. And of course, there were times when he did care and love us in the only ways he could. He worked hard for us. He sweated the money part. He put us through college and helped us move into dorms. He drove us and our friends places. He told us stories. He was there in the ways that he could be there. And in the end, we found, surprisingly, there was enough love and forgiveness to go around. Even for him. And that's why we were there for him, even though he was not always there for us. That's what he finally figured out. And I guess we learned that it's never over til it's over.

Lesson 14: All About Size

This morning on the web we are served up a very well-designed, visually appealing site called The Penis Blog Project. Even if it did not feature 25 lovely pictures of erect penises, it happens to have terrific graphic simplicity, good colors, nice fonts and a bit of tongue-in-cheek (or tongue somewhere, not sure where ...) text that make it an attractive site. It has a nice conceit -- match the penises to the bloggers, that is, the writers of daily online diaries who were courageous enough to post their penises in all their glory. The author of the site says he's interested in how we reveal ourselves on the web, and particularly in blogs. Weblogs seem both the perfect medium for exhibitionism on many levels and also the perfect medium for creating connections. It's clear that the community of bloggers on this site probably know one another rather well. And I don't think I'm going out on a limb to suggest that the bloggers on this site are most likely a collection of homosexual, not heterosexual bloggers. Not only did I love looking at their penises, being a woman who has long appreciated a nice erect penis, but I also felt turned on to learn about a whole new community of bloggers and peek into their private and public and pubic world. (Stole that joke from the author of the site who already punned on pub(l)ic on the home page.)

But I guess there is a point to my rambling here. First, why are we flooded with so many naked pictures of women and find so little in the way of equally lovely pictures of male anatomy? And as for heterosexual male photos, yes, there are videos with rather explicit action shots, but simple beautiful still pictures of straight men -- prove me wrong, show me that gallery. Maybe this is the real dirty little secret of alpha malehood. For all the jockeying for position and mega-aggressive sports behavior, for all the competition at work for heirarchy and position, for all the competition to get the best looking babe and even after the many times men are accused of playing "my dick is bigger than your dick" -- is it the case that most men do not want to compare their actual dick to the next guy's dick and avoid it at all costs? What gives? Do straight men feel their penises are not ready for the light of day? Do they think they don't look good? Do they feel insecure that they don't look as good as the next guy? At least in American culture, I wonder if we are ALL not a little ashamed of our genitals. I recall a gynecologist looking rather dropped-jawed at me when I asked about my labia, vagina, clitoris, "Do I look normal? Is everything down there all right?" She answered in the affirmative and quickly left the subject, but I realized in my usual way of speaking a drop dead honest statement much to everyone's shock and dismay, that many women probably feel the same way I do. Until recently you never saw a lot of naked pussies to compare yours too -- even growing up in a family of 3 sisters I wasn't looking at such things with much scrutiny once it started to really matter, say ... in my teen years. Sure we ran around half naked as young kids, but once you start to really mature and want to check out how you compared with others, those others weren't exactly available for perusal for the most part. From conversations with male friends, I know this may be more true than false. Of course, my naive fantasy of the availablility of men's penises for viewing in the men's room -- always kindof turned me on -- turns out to be completely inaccurate and I've been well informed that taking a leak is all about NOT showing your stuff. Still, can I say, thanks to a few stone

hard Greek statues and a few real flesh-and-blood men I've been lucky enough to KNOW well, the male member is a beautiful thing, flaccid or erect, it's time to give it the credit it deserves.

Clicking through the gallery of penises, it's easy to start comparing them, just as men will tend to do when clicking through a gallery of naked women's lovely round bosoms. And you notice differences. Shape, texture, width, tilt and of course, size. Much has been said about the size of a penis. Looking at the gallery on this site, I couldn't help feeling like a woman about it. It IS about size -- the size of the guy's heart who happens to own that penis. It's about the size of everything attached to that penis. The size of his kindness ... and big big kindness matters. The size of the time he carves out of his life for you ... and all of us find it harder and harder to drop everything and give a nice big full morning, afternoon or evening to the ones we love. The size of his laughter. The size of his eyes. The way they look at you, across a larged-sized room. The size of his courage. And of course, the size of his car and the size of his wallet.

No, wait, I'm kidding! I'm just kidding! But I could hear you Alpha Males thinking, that's what women are really after. But it's not true. We're not trying to get your wallet out of your jeans -- we're just trying to get YOU out of your jeans. We KNOW how good you look.

Lesson 15: You Must Remember This

If an Alpha Male is good for anything, he's good for kissing. And it's the darnest thing, even the best Alpha Males just don't remember what a potent weapon the common garden-variety kiss can be. What an arrow to have in your quiver, ready to be aimed at an unsuspecting target. It disarms your prey. It certainly ends all conversations.

I have noticed that there is often a lot of conversation which proceeds coitus -- too much conversation -- like people going over a waterfall who can see the edge of the water behind them plummeting down, but continue in vain to paddle furiously, lovers who would rather be falling into bed are for some reason spending a lot of time standing around talking. Standing around talking about NOTHING. Alpha Males who are worth their salt know how to deal with this most irksome situation. It can not be ignored. It must be dealt with. Here's a story of how someone shut me up one time.

First of all, the big problem with kissing anyone is that you usually DO have a lot to talk about. If you're getting excited enough to kiss them, they must have been talking to you for a bit, at least a little while, but probably a LONG while. You'd probably been up late on the phone with them, despite being of an age where should know better, talking all night like high school kids with their first crush. You're on the phone and they are saying all these funny things and they are loving all the funny things you are saying and if you're really excited you're probably also doing something else ... well, let's say you're also eating Hagen Daz Boysenberry ice cream just to keep things visually attractive around here at Halley's Comment. So you've been using your mouth a lot. Just a whole helluva lot. You've been talking this person up and down and sideways, because they are the coolest thing -- this new play toy that loves your ass.

I was telling you a story of how a really experienced Alpha Male got me to shut up and kiss him one time. Oh yeah, so anyway, I was doing that annoying girl thing. Talking, talking, talking. Both of us were probably having cartoon character bubbles floating above our heads with big smoochy lips drawn like simple cave paintings in the center of the bubble. Both of us were wondering why we were talking and talking and talking. It wasn't like the phone talking you do late at night with the cord wound around your ankle and you foot arching in a sexy way and you both just finding out your birthdays are two days apart, so it must me something extrememly significant. No, it wasn't that kind of talking. It was that empty talking with almost no content, camo talking, camoflaging the fact that you'd really rather be rolling around on the floor making out with the other person. And thank god for his nice direct approach, because I just could not stand talking one more second.

So he says, "Come here," and I wish I could capture the tone.

The tone is everything. It was that tone like, "WHO do you think you're kidding?! We both know you're just doing that crazy pre-kissing talking that sounds like NOTHING

and is just to keep us both from noticing that we're nanoseconds away from some serious lip-smacking tongue-thrusting fun, so just SHU-UT .. U-UP (four syllables)." And of course, I got the message instantly ... who wouldn't and I particularly liked the commanding tone. Yes, I had been called to the principal's office for serious horsing around. I had to stop talking and "come here" or go there from my perspective.

And I liked this part too, because there are some serious logistics about kissing. You are actually going from a certain distance -- usually you're looking at the talker's whole body and for good reason -- to suddenly getting very up close and personal. And this must be negotiated properly. [This is why dancing is so helpful as a pre-kissing activity -- you're coming together, drifting apart, coming back together, spinning your partner out, yanking them back up close, the distance thing doesn't seem so awkward when dancing. It's another matter when standing around talking.]

Yes, the logistics are a consideration, but of course, an Alpha Male is up to the task, at least the ones I've seen. I've never had to park a submarine in a narrow harbor, but I suppose it's rather like that. Actually I'm mixing metaphors there, the submarine parking activity is a later-in-the-evening post-kissing thing, isn't it? So somehow or another, one must bridge the distance between the two bodies and get the lips in alignment. It's really not that easy.

So he said, "Come here," and it said it all. I knew what was coming and I was so relieved that he had the wherewithal to just shut me up. And in thi particular case, there was some serious bridging to do, we were not close to one another for some idiotic reason ... I'm standing around talking, but get this, we were in a hotel room, he was standing next to the bed -- DID I REALLY MISS WHAT WAS GOING ON?! I'm standing talking about God Know's What acting like we're on some street corner. I'd managed to get all the way across to the other side of the room, near the mini-bar, just short of climbing out the window for some reason -- not my intention, but I guess I was playing hard to get. But you probably wouldn't be surprised to learn, that even with that distance to travel, after I heard, "come here," I got over there pretty damned fast. I wasn't going to argue. And of course you didn't see the sly smile he gave me, he way he lowered his eyes and then looked straight at me with an electric jolt or the sexy way he was holding his body ... he really didn't even need to say "Come here."

I was there. Boy was I there. And it was even a case of two pairs of glasses to get in our way -- they went flying -- and of course then the two awkward noses -- hardly an obstacle it ended up, all we needed was a quick 10 degree head turn on my part -- and it lock and load.

And this boy was good. He did that favorite thing of mine. You come in really fast, really hard like you'll take the other person out with a mightly WHAM, but you let up just at the end and do the best light teasing kisses -- a real weak-knee-producer and girl-swooning move, I must say. I wanted more and I wanted more fast.

But he was in charge and gave me that "Now, young lady, let's not be greedy." look, so I had to pull back. He was really really expert, acted like it would be some of that chaste elementary school kissy face stuff for a while and I yielded to that descalation, not too thrilled, but not unwilling. We were knocking on the doors of the lips, no big deal, nice, notice how soft, yes, very polite. No big open mouth sucking for such two lovely civilized people as us standing next to a hotel bed.

I should have seen it coming. I'm being a really good girl doing sweet little goldfish lippy kisses and his next move is a complete toss down on the bed with serious tongue thrusting -- Holy Heck! It's the classic Alpha Male "Fooled Ya!" and "Now, I'll get my way with you!"

Glad he'd thrown me on the bed, I would have fainted anyway and landed on the floor. And I was truly a goner at this point. Barely breathing and we were in major mouth merge. Loved it. Let me count those teeth. Of course now he was ready to start introducing all the other essential parts of the kissing arsenal -- and he had some arsenal.

A few of my favorite manoevers came to the ready -- head-holding. I love that, when a guy just holds your head like some big bouquet of flowere he has gathered into his arms and wants to get a deep delicious smell of. And all over the face kissing. Mmmmmmm. Oh yes, we love that. The good ones are everywhere seemingly all at once. And neck burrowing, yes, get right in there for a little neck nap as we take a little breather, come up for air. And this one did something I really like, gave me his fingers to suck. Oh, yeah, baby.

This one knew some things. I was impressed and having a lot of fun. And this one knew how to break it off suddenly and go over to the mini-bar and get us a Coke and ice ... I can't believe he did that. Got me completely crazy -- I jumped up and ran after as any woman would do, grabbed him by the back of the jeans. And this one turned around and gave me the perfect, standing up, "let me measure you against my body, see how well we fit" kiss. That's one of those longed-for moments. It's that question you sometimes get to answer early on if you work in the same office and back into the guy by accident and turn and take a mental measure of the man. Happens all the time. A woman works that way. She thinks, "Oh, yeah, okay, that's how we'd fit together in bed." So that particular kiss is a humdinger. It's a taste of things to come. So to speak.

And then -- I told you this guy was a killer at kissing -- he mixed the very sexy intimate moment with the ordinary, "Let's have a Coke" moment. Good work man. That's the thing -- he knew that great artistic approach to life -- mixing hot/cold, slow/fast, close/far apart, hard/soft. He was good. Mixing rolling around necking on the bed with sitting in chairs drinking a soda -- that was great. He could mix it up. Yes, like Rhett said,"You should be kissed, and often, and by someone who knows how." Oh, yes, he knew how.

So, I'll leave the two kissers there, sipping Coke, since you can surely imagine the rest. Or maybe you can't. You probably figure we ended up in bed once the soda was gone. But this guy was more expert than that. We actually went for a walk and then came back

and then ... well, you can imagine how much better anything is when you are made to wait for it. It's always good to wait. All good things come to those who wait.

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Lesson 16: Power Play

Someone told me they had no idea what these Alpha Male essays were all about. Okay, okay, I'm cool with that. Goodness knows, now that I'm around to Lesson 16 out of 18, I should be able to explain what the heck I'm writing about here.

So here goes. I started writing about the phenomenon called "Alpha Males" back in January because I was really worried that things have pretty much gone haywire in the world of men. I'm thinking of Mutual of Omaha's old TV show, ***Wild Kingdom*** with Marlin Perkins. Now there was a man. He wore a safari suit and hat, he showed you wild animals. Cool. You could depend on it. Just like Walt Disney on Sunday nights in those big old square shouldered suits, when I was a kid, he could show you ***The Wonderful World Of Color*** and you knew you might find a little Flubber there or maybe that wacky flying car or Hayley Mills (I hated her as she was "Hayley" and I was "Halley" and wrecked my chances at having my name ever pronounced correctly.) mooning around like silly Pollyanna. But you could depend on it. There were things you could depend on. Men and women had roles they pretty much followed. Life was easy to anticipate.

And like the alpha male dogs who fight to elect one guy as the main dog, there was a sense of how men operated, how they could be successful, how they did whatever it was they did. It was a ruled where they felt powerful and they ruled.

Well, I started writing these pieces because I got the idea all of that had just about melted down -- vanished before our very eyes -- and I wanted to think about what would be in its place. Seemed to me men had somehow ended up in a veritable *no-man's land*, damned if they opened the door for a woman, damned if they didn't. Damned if they didn't diaper their kid, damned if they did ("You have the thing on backwards, honey." -- she to he.) But in fact what we were witnessing was the erosion of male power -- the last days of "men as usual" if you also subscribed to the notion that we've lately seen the end of "business as usual."

We were surely leaving a "I Wanna Girl Just Like The Girl That Married Dear Old Dad." era, to a "I Married A Girl Just Like Dear Old Dad And She's Got A 7:30 Board Meeting." Yes, it was no more "Hi, Honey, I'm Home. What's For Dinner" but rather "Hi Honey, I'm Home And Of Course I Picked Up Junior From Daycare And Got Take-Out Chinese Because You"ll Be Glued To The Computer All Night Doing That Excel Spreadsheet You Didn't Get Done Last Night When I Wanted To Have Sex, But, Oh Yeah, I Remember, We Don't Have Time For That Anymore."

Once I started writing about men, lots of men started talking to me about it -- they told all -- and they thanked me for telling all, because they said they didn't dare spill the beans. They told me it was rough out there. They told me it was no fun. They told me they had a serious Vitamin R deficiency -- Vitamin Romance -- that they missed their partners. They missed having fun with their wives. And the unmarried ones missed having fun with their

girlfriends. And the ones trying to date were nothing short of terrified at what they were seeing. And if they said anything about it, they got whacked along side of the head.

They needed massive amounts of Vitamin R. Vitamin Romance, but also, get ready to growl, Vitamin Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, that says, I want you baby. They needed to be told they were sexy, they were babes, they had adorable asses. They needed love letters. The love letters needed to say, "Your cock is so great and turns me on so much and I've been thinking about it all day. I want you, boy" They were men but they needed all the romantic wooing that women had grown to expect and complain about if they didn't get. They felt a little put out that Valentine's Day was all premised on what HE would get HER. Anniversaries were the same ... it was always about HIM getting her the big surprise. They wanted to be surprised. They wanted to come home to a woman who wanted to tear their clothes off and love them, deep and wet and messy and sexy and for a long time and then do it again. They needed it, they wanted it, they deserved it.

But what were they getting instead? Well, they were getting downsized and replaced by a woman who got promoted into the slot they expected would be theirs. They were getting "You deal with it, I'm tired," from their wives. They were getting no sex often as not in their marriage beds. There was not a lot of light at the end of the tunnel. A dark time in the land of men. Not pretty.

And I got the feeling that we were coming out of that dark time. Something was happening. A lot of Victoria's Secret lingerie was being purchased -- a leading economic indicator of a new order in the boardroom, in the bedroom. Men were going to be feeling a lot more hopeful. It was going to be a lot more fun. Women were going to love it too. They were going to get a bit more in balance. They were going to keep doing well at work, but they were going to remember you could wear dresses as well as suits to work. They were going to add something essential to the mix ... all work and no play makes Jane a dull girl. They were getting back to being female. They were showing their girl side. They were showing their goddess side. They were combining their new-found-out-in-the-work-world power with their old time girl-power. Yes, we were entering the era of Girlism, and not a moment too soon. We all needed it. So that's what all these lessons in Alpha Maledom were about. They were just a way of saying, "Hang on, man! It's about to get really, really good." We were twisting your arm to share some of your power with us. You were asking us to come home and play with you. And both those things were going to happen. And all of us would be having a helluva lot more fun.

Lesson 17: Love Letter To An Alpha Male

I love you. There -- it's so simple -- easy to say, hard to say, must be said. I'm watching you. From close up, sometimes from far away and I love what I see. You make me grin, secretly, I dare not say how much. Much too much.

In the morning, I love to pretend to be asleep when you have to leave early and I steal a peek at your bare butt heading towards the bathroom. I like to hear the rittley-rattley noise of your showering, your shaving, your general banging and bumping about. You think you're quiet -- you're not -- but it makes me laugh. If I do the same to you, getting up at the crack of dawn and make the slightest noise, you're a grouchy bear, or worse (and better) you take your furry paw stealthily, out of the covers, I never see it coming, as I tiptoe by, seconds from making it out the door -- all dressed, hair done, make-up done -- you grab me, strongarm me right around the waist back into bed, bottoms up, high heels flying, me protesting weakly, all my morning clean-up efforts for naught as you kiss away fake blush and lipstick, leaving real blushing and sexy wet lips in their place. Where the hell did you get that strong body, it surely makes me swoon. We make a battlefield of the bed, my ironed blouse, my smooth skirt, soon a wrinkly pile. You love to make me late.

We pretend it's easy to part. We go off. You have projects. I have things to do. Things to get. People to see. We think we'll talk at day's end, but hardly. We are thirsty for one another within the hour -- but hate to admit, so resist the urge to call. Within two hours there's something I just have to tell you -- something I read, something someone said -- I have to share it. Can't wait to hear what you think. And you, there's that thing you had to tell me, something silly or something serious, but it can't wait until later. People out in public overhear our chatter and they know -- all the while, we pretend there's nothing to it.

There's some strange arithmetic to you, alpha male. Two plus two doesn't necessarily add up. You do the most unexpected, risky, crazy things and they work. You have nerve. You are nuts. You have balls. Bottom line, I like it. I don't even know why. Sometimes I wish I didn't, it would be easier. I could run away. I could escape if I didn't like you so damned much. But I always come back for more.

Evening stirs me ... no matter how miffed you might have made me during the day ... I will turn to see the sunset, my skin fitting just right, my hips remembering you, I sigh and smile to see evening coming. Twilight and I know the warriors must put down their weapons, erect their tents. There is a table for food -- I want to fill it for you. There are candles -- I bend down to light them. I let my hair down, slip off shoes, pad around on the cool floor feet naked. I had a notion to tell you how wrong you were about something in the hot light of mid-day, but it's gone, blown away now by the same evening breeze that lifts the hem of my skirt. I yield to the mystery of the night. Reminds me of the mystery of a man. The mystery of you.

Lesson 18: My Alpha Boy

My son is just eight years old, but I think I've got a best-of-breed, certified, irresistible, terrific Alpha Male in the works here. My Alpha Boy has got the right stuff. My Alpha Boy knows what it takes. My Alpha Boy is everything a boy can be and it's wonderful to see. I want to mention 18 wonderful things about my Alpha Boy and wish him the best as I watch him grow into the man he'll soon become. A young man with all the best intentions. A good man. A brave man. A kind man. A man with all the virtues and vices of a real human being. Just a simple man. Just a simply great man.

1. My alpha boy is kind and loving to his mom -- you can't beat that.

2. My alpha boy takes little stuffed animals to school for the girls to take care of. He lets the girls set them in the corners of his desk, tuck them into little improvised beds and pull little Kleenex blankets up to their necks, their paws holding the edge of the blanket. The girls love this.

3. My alpha boy is zany and sometimes calls me Halley Elizabeth Suitt, or "Momlette", just to tease and annoy me.

4. My alpha boy has a friend at school that another kid was picking on. My boy went up to the mean kid and told him to leave him alone, he said, he was HIS FRIEND and said, "You got a problem with that?"

5. My alpha boy loves to sing.

6. My alpha boy loves to laugh.

7. My alpha boy loves to fart.

8. My alpha boy rides his bike at near death-defying speeds these days.

9. My alpha boy helps me dry the dishes..

10. My alpha boy continues to trick me, wearing his pants long and baggy so I won't notice he's not wearing socks. This is a fundamental independence he demands from his mother who really wants him to wear socks. He thinks socks are not cool.

11. I caught my alpha boy holding the door open at a fast food restaurant for an old man.

12. I caught my alpha boy wiping snot on his bed sheets while reading a Pokemon comic book. We call the big ones raisins.

13. I caught my alpha boy kissing his GI Joe's good night (in a rather manly way actually) and telling them to "hang in there."

14. My alpha boy is already good at fixing things in my house.

15. My alpha boy wants to drive my car.

16. My alpha boy still loves his Tonka dumptrucks, his crane, his backhoe and will not let me give any of them away to Goodwill.

17. My alpha boy is still crazy for firetrucks -- the big ones.

18. My alpha boy has taught me all the wonderful things I know, love and appreciate about men.